

Original Poem by E. C. Kenney, not
printed in this volume.

Sonnet

On parting, at Florence, with my friend, R. D.

As birds from Southern climes do northward
bring,

The sunny hues, the sympathetic song
Of smiling valleys, unto which belong
The warmth and verdure of perpetual
Spring;

As sweet exotics on the North - air
fling;

The smell of gardens which our
fancies throng;

So odorous of the home, for which we
long,

Come with a friend, sick hearts inspire;

All kindred voices in his voice
unite -

All cherished smiles in his do lend
their light;

Affection's wide hand in his grasp we
hold;

- over -

And when his presence vanishes
from sight,
A star, which of the Hearen beyond
it told,
Is lost — the gayer heart grows
dark & cold!

E. C. Rinney
Poetess

Casa del Bello
July 17th 1857